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FAVOURITE BOOKS.

> ——— Books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, when pure and good;
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
> WORDSWORTH.

THE analogy between books and men is supported by its being found as possible to form an attachment to the one as the other. In our pilgrimage through life, we meet a pleasant, amiable, gentle, conversible book, just as we may chance to meet with a pleasant, amiable, gentle, conversible man, and our love is in the same way fixed to it for ever. It thenceforth rests near the centre of our best feelings; we pay visits to it; we cite it to others as noble, beautiful, all we could wish a friend to be. Its spirit cheers, instructs, advises, refines us, as that of a companion in the flesh ought to do. We love it, too, always the longer the better—never so much so as when we can consider it as an old friend—and our affection is only ended by that which puts an end to all sublunary things. Men are said to be known by their companions; so they may be said to be known by their book friends. Book and man may, indeed, be said to be mutually illustrative of each other; if we know the book, we know the character of the man who loves it; if we know the man, we may have some notion of the character of the book which he loved. It therefore becomes of some consequence, both in the biography of distinguished men, and in the bibliography of distinguished books, to ascertain something of the loves which subsisted between the one and the other. And, more than this, as book loves have often operated powerfully in directing the genius of remarkable men, an enumeration of them may help in some instances to throw light on the philosophy of our intellectual nature.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and it cannot be denied that the first perusal of Robinson Crusoe makes a part of the sweet illusion. The roar of the waters is in our ears—we start at the print of the foot in the sand, and hear the parrot repeat the well-known sounds of "Poor Robinson Crusoe!—who are you?—where do you come from, and where are you going?"—till the tears gush, and in recollection and feeling we become children again. Robinson Crusoe was a favourite book with Marmontel, Rousseau, Blair, Beattie, Dr Johnson, Chalmers, Scott, Charles Lamb, and John Clare—a fine list of witnesses to character. Marmontel says, "Robinson Crusoe is the first book I ever read with exquisite pleasure, and I believe every boy in Europe will say the same thing." Rousseau says, "Robinson Crusoe is a most excellent treatise on natural education. It is the first book my Emilius shall read; his whole library shall long consist of this only, which shall preserve an eminent rank to the very last. It shall be the text to which all our conversations on natural science are to serve only as a comment. It shall be a guide during our progress to maturity of judgment; and so long as our taste is not adulterated, the perusal of this book will afford us pleasure." Charles Lamb observes, that "The deep interest and familiar style of Robinson Crusoe render it delightful to all ranks and classes." Sir Walter Scott remarks, that "There exists no work more generally read, or more universally admired, than Robinson Crusoe. It is difficult to say in what the charm consists by which persons of all classes and denominations are thus fascinated; yet the majority of readers will recollect it as among the first works which awakened and interested their youthful attention; and feel, even in advanced life, and in the maturity of their understanding, that there are still associated with Robinson Crusoe the sentiments peculiar to that period, when all is new, all glittering in prospect, and when those visions are most bright which the experience of after life tends only to darken and destroy." Dr Johnson says, "Nobody ever laid down the book of Robinson Crusoe without wishing it longer." When John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, had learned to read tolerably well, he borrowed this work from one of his companions, and he says that the perusal of it greatly increased his stock of knowledge and his desire of reading. A respectable alderman of Oxford, Mr Tawney, was so fascinated with it, that he used to read it through every year, and thought the whole of it as true as holy writ. Unfortunately for his pleasing delusion, a knowing friend at last told him it was no more than a fiction; that Robinson Crusoe was but a Scottish sailor, one Alexander Selkirk, whose plain story of his shipwreck on the island of Juan Fernandez had been embellished and worked up into the narrative he so much admired by an ingenious author, Daniel Defoe. "Your information," replied the alderman, "may be very correct, but I wish you had withheld it; for, in undeceiving me, you have deprived me of one of the greatest pleasures of my old age." How curious, considering this work's merits and popularity, is the fact, that when the author had completed it, nearly the whole of the publishing trade refused to purchase it; but at last a bookseller bought it, and cleared one thousand guineas by the sale of the printed copies. When we reflect on the thousands upon thousands of copies that have been sold, giving delight to as many people, we ask, where is the grateful reader of Robinson Crusoe that does not sigh to think of poor Daniel Defoe's pitiable state—pilloried, bankrupt, wearing away his life to pay his creditors in full, and dying in that laudable endeavour. Truly has it been said, that, had every schoolboy whose young imagination has been prompted by this famous work, and whose heart has learned to beat in the strange solitude there depicted, subscribed his halfpenny towards a fund for the author's family, left unprovided, they would have fared well: and where is the schoolboy who would not have done so readily and gladly?

The Pilgrim's Progress can boast an honourable list of admirers. Even Johnson—most pedantic of critics—all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the Pilgrim's Progress, one of the very few works which he wished were longer. In the remotest parts of Scotland, the Pilgrim's Progress is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery it is a greater favourite than Jack the Giant-Killer. Every reader knows the "straight and narrow path" as well as he knows a road he has traversed a hundred times. Thus has its author, John Bunyan, the tinker, wrought one of the highest miracles of genius—giving a locality and a name to things which exist not, and making his own imaginations become the personal recollections of his reader. There is no other book on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language—no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. Fifty or sixty years ago, Cowper said that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse for fear of moving a sneer. Perhaps our refined forefathers thought Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, and the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, infinitely superior to the simple allegory of the preaching tinker. In our own times, however, critics do not hesitate to declare, that, though England contained many clever authors during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two that displayed great creative minds; one of these produced Paradise Lost, and the other the Pilgrim's Progress. We call the latter a creation, despite the fact of the author having been much indebted for hints to the "Voyage of the Wandering Knight, showing the whole Course of Man's Life," a curious and now scarce book written by John Cartheny, and dedicated to Sir Francis Drake. A vast improvement upon Cartheny's Voyage is Bunyan's Progress. Of the latter, Coleridge has justly observed, that "though composed in the lowest style of English, it is without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision; for works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are, the more necessary it is to be plain. This wonderful work is one of the few which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you, there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feeling, and once as a poet. I would not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours. I know of no book (the Bible being excepted, as above all comparison) which, according to my judgment and experience, I could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. I am convinced that it is incomparably the best summary of evangelical christianity ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." Benjamin Franklin says that it has been translated into almost all European languages, and that it is one of the books that have had the widest diffusion.

Sidney's Arcadia, than which no prose fiction contains more apophthegmatic wisdom, was a favourite with Shakspeare, Milton, Waller, Temple, Cowper, and Hayley. The last was so fond of it, that, when a boy, and ill of the small-pox, he had it read to him by his mother at his request. Shakspeare had two other acknowledged favourites besides the Arcadia; one of these was a collection of novels entitled Painter's Palace of Pleasure, and the other the works of Spenser, his fondness for which he has thus recorded in one of his Sonnets:—

> "Douland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
> Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
> Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
> As, passing all conceit, needs no defence."

A great favourite with Johnson, when very young, was Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland (1703), and it was the perusal of that work that induced him to project his own celebrated Tour. Three other favourite books of his were Isaac Walton's Life of Dr Donne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, and Crantz's History of Greenland (1767). According to Boswell's account, Johnson said her ladyship's letters were the only work he had ever read through from choice in his whole life. Johnson himself declares that very few books had ever affected him so deeply as Crantz's work on Greenland, notwithstanding its quaint and rugged style. He avers, that the reader who does not relish the first part of that work is no philosopher, and he who does not enjoy the second part is no Christian.

The History of the Valiant Knight, Tirant le Blanc, was a great favourite with Cervantes. The History of Parismus and Parismenes was an early favourite with Gifford, the famous critic. This ancient romance,

and the Seven Champions of Christendom, were the two first books read by Thomas Holcroft, the author of Hugh Trevor, and of many other well-known works in light literature. The Whole Duty of Man and the Pilgrim's Progress were also among his favourites.

Benjamin Franklin says that Plutarch's Lives, Defoe's Essay on Projects, and a book entitled Essays to do Good, were his three favourite books, and those from which he derived the most advantage. Speaking of the last, he states—"When I was a boy, I met with this book, which was written, I think, by the father of Dr Mather of Boston. It gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." Franklin, again, has been the favourite of many young persons, who have had to thank his sagacious pages and his maxims of industry and economy for their future success in life. It is beautiful thus to see wisdom become traditionary. "When at school," writes Dr Alexander Murray, the celebrated orientalist, "I read Paradise Lost, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. I cannot describe the ardour or various feelings with which I perused, studied, and admired that first-rate work." The Bibliotheca, by Photius (1653), a valuable collection of extracts from two hundred and eighty ancient authors, the greater number of whose writings have been lost, was a favourite with Gibbon, the historian. Another of his favourites was of much more portly dimensions, the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, comprising fifty quarto volumes. "I cannot forget the joy," he says, "with which I first exchanged a twenty-pound bank note for the first twenty volumes of these Memoirs; nor would it have been easy, by any other expenditure of the same sum, to procure so large a fund of rational amusement." Ossian was the favourite of two men who certainly appear very different in all other respects—Napoleon and Dr Parr. The latter says, "I read Ossian when a boy, and was enamoured with it. When at college, I again read Ossian with increased delight. I now, although convinced of the imposture, find pleasure in reading Macpherson." Hudibras was a great favourite with Dr Blair, author of the celebrated "Sermons." He used to read it through once every year.

Chaucer's favourite was Aristotle and his Philosophie. Horace was the favourite of the Abbé Barthelemy, who was seized with death while reading his immortal page. The late Captain Morris, well known as a sprightly versifier, thus alludes to his own constant attachment to this excellent Roman poet:—

> "In childhood I prattled about him,
> In youth he was ever my charm,
> In manhood I ne'er stirred without him,
> In age he lies under my arm."

But the Abbé Barthelemy and Captain Morris are far outdone in their love for Horace by a less known individual, namely, Mr John Underwood of Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire. This eccentric person died on the 4th of May 1773, and was, according to his request, followed to his grave by six gentlemen, who, having arranged themselves round his green-painted coffin, wherein his body reposed, dressed as in life, sung the last stanza of the twentieth ode in the second book of his beloved Horace, the tolling of the bell having been forbidden in his will. Under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace, at his feet Bentley's Milton, in his right hand a small Greek testament, in his left hand a small edition of Horace, with this inscription, "Musarum Amicus. J. U." After the ceremony, the six gentlemen returned to his house, where his sister had provided a cold supper; and, on the removal of the cloth, they sang the thirty-first ode of the first book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass, and retired about eight. Mr Underwood left nearly six thousand pounds to his sister, on condition of her observing the requests in his will; he also ordered her to present each of the gentlemen with ten guineas, and desired they would not come to his grave in black clothes. The will ends thus:—"Which done, I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of John Underwood."

Bossuet's reply to a person who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the works of Homer open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man: "I always have Homer beside me when I compose my sermons; for I love to light my lamp at the sun." When Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, was a boy of fifteen at the High School of Edinburgh, Homer and Virgil were the two favourite companions of his leisure hours. The poet Waller died repeating some lines of his favourite, Virgil. This was also the favourite classic poet of Charles James Fox, and of David Hume. We are told by Lord Holland, that during Fox's retirement, his fondness for poetry, which neither pleasure nor business had ever extinguished, revived with an extraordinary ardour, which preserved him from ever experiencing the tedium of a vacant day, during the interval between his active attendance in parliament and the undertaking of his history. His letters abound with complaints of interruptions arising from politics, while he speaks with delight and complacency of whole days devoted to Virgil and Euripides. Shelley's most favourite authors were the Greek dramatists, especially Sophocles, whose works not only accompanied him in his rambles, but were taken by him to bed. The works of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Calderon, and of poor Keats, were also his especial favourites. When he was drowned, he had a volume of Keats's poems under his waistcoat, next his heart. Pope's favourite, when a youth, was Ogilby's poetical translation of Homer, which kindled his imagination; but his love for the book proved fickle when he reached manhood, for, in the preface to his own translation of the Iliad, he pronounced Ogilby's poetry to be "too mean for criticism." Cowley and Mickle had their tastes for poetry first awakened by reading Spenser's Faery Queen. Mickle was only thirteen years of age at that time, but he was so struck with the beauties of the work, that he was tempted to try to imitate its style and manner. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, had three great favourites among the books which he had first met with. These were the Life of Sir William Wallace, Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, and Burnet's Theory of Comets. The last of these produced, as he relates, a wonderful effect on his boyish imagination; set him pondering all the day on the grand millenium, and dreaming all night "of a new heaven and a new earth, the stars in horror, and the world in flames!" Yet at this time he could read only imperfectly, and in writing knew not how to form some of the letters of the alphabet. The earliest favourites of Burns were the same Life of Wallace (Hamilton's paraphrase of Blind Harry) and a Life of Hannibal. "Hannibal," says he, "gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." Shakspeare has been the favourite of far too many to be specified; but the enthusiasm of one humble admirer, Joseph Blacket, the shoemaker poet, is too interesting to be passed over. In his twelfth year, Blacket witnessed Kemble's performance of Richard III. Before this, he had neither read nor beheld a play; but thenceforth Shakspeare was his favourite author. "I robbed the pillow of its due," says he, "and in the summer season, would read till the sun had far retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." In consequence of this close study of Shakspeare, a dramatic tone, observes his biographer, "pervaded the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, backs of letters, shoe-patterns, slips of paper-hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St Pancras, wherein he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts; yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined."

Willoughby's Ornithology was the favourite book of Pennant when a youth, and from its perusal he first derived his propensity for natural history. The Confessions of Rousseau was the favourite book of Hazlitt, who has related the intense delight he derived at an early age from its perusal. The favourite with Dr Shaw, the celebrated traveller, was Maier's Merry Philosopher, or Thoughts on Jesting, which he so highly admired, that, for fear of losing it, he kept more than one copy. Swift's Tale of a Tub was the favourite of Cobbett, who gives the following account of his first meeting with it:—"When a poor boy of eleven years old, with threepence in my pocket for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock, and with red garters tied outside under my knees, when I perceived in a bookseller's window a little book labelled, 'Tale of a Tub, price threepence.' Its odd title excited my curiosity. If I spent my threepence on it I could have no supper. Still, in I went, and bought the little book, which I was so impatient to examine, that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, and sat down to read on the shady side of a haystack. The book was so different from anything I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond measure, and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put it into my pocket, and fell asleep by the side of the stack, till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning, and then I started off, still reading my little book. The gardener at Kew, where I got employment, lent me some books on gardening; but I could not relish them after the Tale of a Tub, which I carried about with me wherever I went, till, when about twenty years old, I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy."

Robert Bloomfield's favourite was Thomson's Seasons. "I never heard him give so much praise to any book as to that," says his brother George. It was also an early favourite of poor John Clare. He was thirteen years old when another boy showed him the Seasons. He was in the fields at the time, and this circumstance must have tended much to his enjoyment of a poem so beautifully descriptive of nature and rusticity. It called forth all the passion of Clare's poetic soul. As soon as he had saved a shilling, he repaired to Stamford to buy a copy of it for himself, but he reached the place at so early an hour, that he had to wait some time till the shops were open. It was a fine spring morning, and after he had made his purchase, he was returning through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, when he composed his own first piece of poetry. The Rev. Dr Dibdin, the prince of modern bibliographers, has confessed a strong attachment to the works of Thomson, in which, he tells us, he has enjoyed many quiet readings while seated in the deepening glooms of Bagley wood, or near the magnificent expanse of water at Blenheim. His favourite portion of the Seasons was the description of Spring; but he loved more than all, Thomson's Castle of Indolence, which he calls one of the most enchanting and instructive poems in our language, although it has not yet acquired that reputation which it deserves.

The favourite book of the celebrated Bishop Newton was Halyburton's Natural Religion Insufficient (1714), speaking of which, he expresses himself thus forcibly: "I set so high a value upon this book, that, unless I could replace it with another, I know not if I would part with it for its weight in gold." Archbishop Usher's favourite was Sleidanus's Introduction to the History of the Four Monarchies, which, he says, first gave him a taste for the study of history, in which he afterwards so much excelled. Cardinal Duprat was so fond of the works of Rabelais, that he continually carried them about with him. Cardinal Jean du Bellay was, perhaps, even a greater admirer of them, for he refused a learned man of the day a seat at his table, because he had not read Rabelais' singular narrative entitled The Pleasant History of the Giant Gargantua, which the cardinal emphatically called "*the* book." Barclay's Argenis (1630) was a very favourite book with Cardinal Richelieu, who derived many of his poetical maxims from it. It was also a great favourite with the poet Cowper, who declared that it was the most amusing romance ever written, and the style such as would not dishonour Tacitus himself.

Lord Byron's greatest favourites were Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, D'Israeli's Illustrations of the Literary Character, and Scott's novels. The first work, he says, contains more solid information than any twenty other works ever compiled in the English language; the second, he says, he read perhaps oftener than any, and that it had often been to him a consolation and a pleasure, which we can readily conceive from his lordship's notes in one of the late editions of it; of the last named, Scott's novels, he tells us, "I never travel without them; they are a perfect library in themselves, a perfect literary treasure; I could read them once a-year with new pleasure." Pope relates that Don Quixote was the favourite with Lord Oxford. The anecdote is, we fear, too well known, that his lordship advised Rowe to learn Spanish; and the latter, supposing that some appointment in Spain awaited him, accordingly set diligently about the acquirement of the language, which he mastered in a few months' time; when presenting himself before his lordship to learn his pleasure, the only important remark made to him was, "Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in its original language." This pleasantry reminds us of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who was so fond of De Thou's History of his own time, that he resigned his office and the seals on purpose to read it in the original. Baker's Medulla Poetarum Romanorum, or, The Most Beautiful Passages of the Roman Poets (1737), was the favourite book of Sir William Jones when a boy at Harrow school.

The book-loves of royal persons may not have so much weighty argument in favour of the honoured objects of them, but are exceedingly curious. Every classic student has heard of Alexander the Great's fondness for the Iliad, which he used to place under his pillow, along with his sword; but less known is Antoninus Caracalla's noble display of grateful bibliomania. This emperor was so delighted with Oppian's excellent Greek poems on hunting and fishing, that he recalled Agesilaus, Oppian's father, from banishment, and gave the author himself a piece of gold for every verse. Henry VIII.'s favourite book was a Latin commentary by Vives upon Augustine's treatise De Civitate Dei, which displays an extensive acquaintance with ancient philosophy. It was published in 1536, and dedicated to the English monarch, who was so pleased with it, that he invited Vives to his court, and appointed him preceptor to his daughter Mary. Anne Boleyn's favourite book was Tyndale's Parable of the Wicked Mammon (1536), which work is said to have been the means of inducing the king to listen favourably to the tenets of the reformers. Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with Dr Thomas Wylson's English version of Demosthenes' Orations, published in 1570, that she rewarded the translator with great promotion and offices. A favourite work of the Empress Catherine of Russia was the Death of Abel, and in testimony of her admiration of it, she presented a gold medal to its celebrated author, Solomon Gesner. Charles I.'s

favourite author was the immortal Shakspeare, one who can please all tastes, though some more than others. Twelfth Night was the play his majesty admired most of all, and he changed its title from that to Malvolio. He has been censured by Milton for reading "one whom we well know was the closet companion of his solitudes, William Shakspeare;" so far will party prejudice and jealousy carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions!

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

SINCE geological deductions partook of anything like philosophical accuracy, speculations connected with the temperature of the globe have assumed a more than ordinary degree of interest. Under these speculations we do not comprehend any of those "theories" which have been from time to time advanced respecting the origin and internal constitution of the earth; nor shall we farther allude to them than remark, that most of them were founded upon no surer basis than the imaginations of their authors; and that while some seemed plausible and ingenious, none, in so far as we are aware, proceeded upon the observed facts of geology, but rather twisted the truths of the science to accord with their own fanciful structures. Whether, then, our planet be a "huge animated mass," whether its internal parts consist of a "magnetic nucleus," of "water," of "gases and metallic vapours," or even of "light" itself, we shall not stop to inquire; for, although astronomy assures us that the earth possesses a certain figure, size, and density, we are likely to remain for ever ignorant of the nature and composition of its internal parts. Discarding these theories, therefore, and premising, that the earth is of a spherical form, having its diameter from east to west equal to 7925, and from south to north equal to 7899 miles—in other words, being flattened at either pole to the extent of about 13 miles; and that the average density of the rocks composing its crust is 2½ times that of water, and the mean density of the whole mass 5 times that of water, we shall proceed to inquire what has been ascertained as to its temperature, superficial and interior. For the sake of distinct comprehension, we shall treat of the subject under the following heads:—1. The temperature of the surface; 2. The temperature of the accessible crust; 3. The temperature of the interior; and, lastly, consider the question, whether the earth is gradually cooling, and if so, to what extent?

1. The superficial temperature of our planet, if not wholly dependent on, is at least materially influenced by, the heat of the sun. This heat, however, is far from being equally distributed. Generally speaking, the distribution of solar heat is affected by the following conditions, namely, 1st, from day to day, and from season to season, by the revolutions of the earth; 2d, by the degree of latitude, being warmest at the equator, and gradually diminishing towards either pole; 3d, by the distribution of land and water, the sea being less liable to sudden fluctuations of temperature than the land; 4th, by the nature of the surface, the kind and colour of matter variously absorbing and retaining the sun's rays; 5th, by the elevation of the land above the mean level of the sea, the more elevated being the colder regions. All these causes are in continual operation, and so dissipate and counteract the sun's heat, that it cannot be said to have any effect upon the earth's mass, and must be considered merely as influencing the amount and distribution of vegetable and animal life. At present, the plants and animals of the tropics are totally different from those of the polar regions; and while the tropical valley is loaded with jungle, the tropical mountain, rising a few thousand feet above it, is as void of vegetation as any polar island. Such conditions must have at all times influenced the surface temperature of the earth, and consequently the plants and animals which peopled it; but of these conditions we are left only to infer from the fossil remains found in the rocky strata. According to the evidences of geology, it appears that races of gigantic plants and animals allied to those of the tropics have inhabited the earth at places where no such productions now exist; and that various successions of organic life have occurred, each apparently dependent on the amount of temperature then existing. Whether these variations of temperature were produced by a uniform lower level of land, by a different distribution of sea and land, by any change of the earth's axis, so as to make regions equatorial which are now polar, or by a greater intensity of the internal heat of the earth, which diffused itself through the solid crust, science has not yet been able to determine. But whatever may have been the state of superficial temperature in the earlier stages of the world, it may be stated generally of the surface warmth of the present day, that the heating influence of the sun has no cumulative effect, but is alternately received and given off nearly to the same amount; that the mean annual temperature at the equator may be taken at 81½, and in Britain at 46½ degrees; that snow lies perpetually at the height of 16,000 feet at the equator, and in Britain at 5000; that the mean annual temperature is higher by several degrees in the vicinity of the sea than at places inland; and that these are conditions which do not seem to have experienced any change within the space of time embraced by history.

2. The temperature of the crust or solid parts of the earth may be affected either by heat from the sun, by heat generated by chemical action among its materials, or by heat from the interior. During summer the surface is heated, and this heat will be communicated to a certain depth; during winter it will be again given off to the surrounding atmosphere, according to the severity of the season. This alternate receiving and parting with heat may differ considerably in any particular summer or winter, but over a number of years it has been found to be pretty stationary—that is, the amount of heat received and given off may be said to balance each other. According to this doctrine, the earth during summer will be warmer at the surface than it is at a few feet under it; and in winter will be colder at the surface than at depths beyond the influence of the passing cold. By actual experiment, Sir John Leslie found that the difference of temperature during summer and winter at the depth of 1 foot amounted to 3 degrees, while at 8 feet it was only ¼ of a degree; at 1 foot from the surface January was the coldest and July the hottest month, and at 4 feet March was the coldest and September the warmest. But it is evident that the heat of the sun can only affect the earth to a limited depth, for as the heat of summer proceeds downwards, it is arrested by the cold of winter, and thus continually kept within a given limit. This fact has been established by actual experiment, more especially by French philosophers at the Observatory of Paris, where thermometrical observations have been made, with very little interruption, for a long course of years. By these experiments, it has been ascertained that, at a certain depth beneath the surface of the earth, there is a point at which the temperature remains constantly the same, being uninfluenced by any cause which affects the surface. This depth will vary according to the kind of material of which the crust at any given place is composed, be these materials rocks, sand, or water; but in no instance is it supposed to extend beyond sixty or seventy feet. Could we conceive a series of such points running entirely around the globe, they would form a line or band at which the temperature would be stationary; and hence geologists have given to such an imaginary line the name of "*The stratum of invariable temperature.*" Proceeding beyond this line of invariable temperature towards the centre, it has been found that the temperature gradually increases—a circumstance which attracted the attention of philosophers more than a century ago. In 1802, D'Aubuisson renewed the investigation; and since that time, observations have been made in the principal mines of Europe and America. The greatest depths at which experiments have been conducted are 1713 feet in Mexico, 1584 in England, and about 1300 in Germany; and in all of these the temperature has been found to increase according to the depth. In 1827, M. Cordier published a memoir on this interesting subject, in which he collected the observations of others, together with his own, and having made allowance for the heat arising from the breathing of miners, for the burning of lamps, and communication with the atmosphere, he arrived at the following general conclusions:—1. That between the surface and the invariable stratum, the temperature varies according to summer's heat and winter's cold; 2. That below the invariable stratum the temperature at any given depth remains perfectly constant for several years; 3. That below the invariable stratum the temperature goes on increasing with the depth; and, 4. That, taking the average of observations, this increase of temperature goes on at the rate of 1 degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every 45 feet. Others have allowed 60 feet for the rise of 1 degree; but taking M. Cordier's estimate, it must follow, if the increase goes on at the same ratio, that, at the centre, the temperature of the globe will rise to 3500 degrees of Wedgewood's pyrometer. The temperature of 100 of Wedgewood, which is sufficient for the fusion of lava and most kind of rocks, would be found at the depth of 120 miles; and hence M. Cordier concludes that the mean thickness of the *solid* crust of the earth may not exceed 60 miles.

3. Of the internal or central temperature of the globe we know nothing by actual experiment. We have seen that the surface is influenced almost solely by the heat of the sun; that at a certain depth this influence ceases; and that beyond that depth the temperature increases as we descend, according to a pretty definite ratio. It is true that the deepest mine penetrates but a mere film of the distance between the surface and centre of the earth; but if the temperature goes on increasing at the same rate (1 degree for every 45 feet), the interior parts must be heated to an enormous degree; so much so, indeed, that there is nothing inconsistent in supposing them to be composed of the same elements which constitute the solid crust. The reader will remember that the average density of all known rocks is estimated at 2½ times that of water, and that the mean density of the globe is 5 times that of water, or twice that of the generality of rocks. Now, were there no high internal temperature to expand and rarefy these bodies, they could not occupy the central parts of the earth, for by the force of compression, to which all matter is subjected, they would become so dense, as to give a mean density to the globe far beyond that which calculation has assigned. According to the computations of Sir John Leslie, air at the depth of 33 miles would be as dense as water; water at the depth of 362 miles as dense as quicksilver; and marble, subjected to its own pressure, would be twice its original density at the depth of 287 miles. But when we bear in mind the high expansive force of a temperature such as that which M. Cordier has assigned to the interior of the earth, we can readily conceive how all minerals, metals, and earths, might undergo such an expansion as to counteract that law of compression which would have rendered them so dense, as to be inconsistent with the mean density of the globe. Water, at the comparatively low temperature of 212 degrees, is rendered 1700 times its original bulk; artificial heat can convert most substances into mere vapour; what then might we expect of a temperature of 3500 of Wedgewood's pyrometer! That there is an increase of heat as we descend into the earth, has been fully established by experiments, 1st, in metallic veins; 2d, in mines; and 3d, in Artesian wells. All these manifest a rise and uniformity of temperature, which cannot be attributed to any solar influence, nor, so far as has been ascertained, to any chemical action among the minerals and metals themselves. These experiments have been numerous, and have been conducted by the most eminent philosophers—Gensanne, D'Aubuisson, Humboldt, Fourier, Cordier, Quetelet, Arago, Leslie, Fox, and Forbes. We can only mention one of each class:—In Dolcoath copper mine, Cornwall, 2634 feet deep, the temperature of a spring was 28 degrees, while it was only 10 at the surface. In Monkwearmouth pit, 1584 feet deep, the temperature of the coal was 72½ degrees, while the mean temperature at the surface was only 47½. In a well at Southampton, 399 feet deep, the temperature was 56½ degrees, while at the surface the mean was only 50. All this gives evidence of an increase of temperature as we descend; and this evidence is confirmed by the occurrence of hot springs and volcanoes all over the globe. There are at present upwards of 200 volcanoes in active operation; and hot springs are innumerable from the waters of Bath (107 degrees) to that of the Geysers (209 and 212 degrees). It is true that it has been proposed to account for this heat by supposing chemical action among the metallic bases of which the rocks are composed; but without entering upon the questions involved in this theory, it may be safely concluded, that it is wholly inadequate to account for the volcanic and thermal operations in nature. Volcanoes, vapour fissures, hot springs, and the experiments alluded to, all point to a pervading interior heat; and summing up the evidence so adduced, we are warranted in the following conclusions:—1. That the interior parts of the earth are heated to intensity; 2. That this heat manifests itself on the surface by volcanoes, hot springs, and other thermal phenomena; 3. That the solid crust derives part of its heat from this source; and, 4. That this solid crust has partly been formed by the cooling down of an igneous mass, such as Leibnitz and others supposed the globe to have originally been.

4. This idea of a high internal temperature accords with the figure of the earth, which is that of an oblate spheroid, and such as would result from the revolution of a fused mass around its own axis; it also accords with the fact, that igneous or unstratified rock underlies all those of aqueous origin; and offers a rational solution for the occurrence of volcanoes, hot-springs, and other thermal phenomena which point to one common and universal source. If, then, the crust of the earth was partly formed by the cooling of an igneous mass, and if the stratified rocks were subsequently laid down by the operations of water, there must have been a time when this solid crust was at a higher temperature than at present; and this, again, accords with the fact, that the lower stratified rocks are much more compact and crystalline than those nearer the surface. In the earlier strata we find no remains of animal or vegetable life; and this also seems to confirm the idea that the earth was then too hot to permit of organic existence. But as the earth cooled down, a stage would arrive when its temperature would be highly favourable to vegetable and animal life of a certain kind; and here, again, geology informs us, that during the formation of the *upper secondary* strata, the dry land teemed with gigantic vegetation, and the waters with fishes and reptiles. As the earth gradually approached its present temperature, these gigantic forms died away; and there is not a more fully established fact in geology than a graduation of existence adapted to the conditions of the world at each successive period. But, it may be asked, if a gradual refrigeration has taken place, is not the same process still going forward? To this we must answer in the affirmative; the earth is gradually cooling, but so gradually, that the amount of refrigeration is not perceptible within any given time. The crust of the earth is composed of substances which are excessively slow conductors of heat; and the more loosely they are arranged, as in the secondary and tertiary rocks, the worse conductors do they become. A very minute portion indeed of the internal heat can be given off through the solid crust; but volcanoes, vapour fissures, and hot-springs, cannot take place save at the expense of heat; and hence these become the vents by which the central temperature is diminished. Looking at the geological structure of the globe, we have the fullest evidence that volcanic action was at one time much more extensive and active; and reasoning after the same manner, a time must come when volcanoes shall be less numerous and active than at present. We are aware that this idea of gradual refrigeration involves some astronomical

XUM

considerations relative to the earth's size, the time of its revolutions, and its distance from the sun; but these are of a nature too abstruse for the present paper. Gradual refrigeration might diminish the bulk, but not the mean density of the earth; a diminution in volume would cause a nearer approach to the sun, and a more rapid revolution; but if such changes have taken place, it must have been at a period long before human research was directed to the phenomena of nature. And yet, after all, if we reflect that the solid crust extends only to fifty or sixty miles, and that the stratified rocks are more loosely or bulkily arranged than the unstratified, from which they were derived, any diminution of the earth's mass, since the formation of a solid crust, must be very small, if indeed perceptible. Be this as it may, the astronomical conditions of our planet have not undergone any appreciable change within the human era, nor are they likely to suffer any from the small refrigeration of the globe now taking place. But should any contraction of the earth arise from this cause, a nearer approach to the sun, and a more rapid revolution, may be the means to compensate for that heat which its own mass is insensibly losing.

In conclusion, it may be stated, generally, that the surface temperature of the globe is materially, if not wholly, influenced by the sun; that this solar heat is perceptible to the depth of about 60 feet, where the temperature is invariable; that below this depth the temperature of the earth increases about 1 degree for every 45 feet; and that, according to this ratio, all matter would be in a state of fusion at the depth of 60 miles, while the interior would be heated to a temperature beyond our conception. From these facts, it has been inferred that the globe was originally a fused mass; that the solid crust has arisen from a gradual refrigeration of this mass; and that the same process of cooling is still going forward, though at a rate quite imperceptible to human observation. While these deductions seem fully warranted, no fear need be entertained as to the future conditions of our planet. Geology has already pointed out numerous changes which the earth has undergone, and shown that in each state it was peopled with organic existence perfectly suited to its condition; and we may rest assured that, during all changes and vicissitudes, the same Benevolent Power which peopled and protected the past will continue to uphold the future.

POETRY BEFORE, AND PROSE AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear Peter," exclaimed Mrs Peppercorn, coming hastily into my study the other day, "have you any waste paper to give Robert for his kite? He has worried his sister and the servants nearly out of their wits to little purpose, and now he comes to tease me. Bless me!" continued Mrs Peppercorn, glancing under the table, "the waste-basket is quite empty; how very unlucky!"

If, gentle reader, your fate should ever reduce you to the necessity of becoming an author, then, and not till then, will you be able to appreciate the degree to which I was annoyed by this interruption. When it occurred, I was in the agonies of an article on a new theory of atoms; and I think I am justified in believing, that had Job been, like myself, a writer in the "Naturalist's Miscellany and Journal of the Belles Lettres," he would, on such an occasion, have completely lost his patience. A brilliant idea was on its way from my brain to my paper; but at the sound of my wife's voice it vanished. The intellectual stride between a complicated theory of attraction and repulsion in which I was absorbed, and the subject of waste-paper thus unexpectedly thrust upon me, was too great; and I firmly believe that society at large was deprived of an important theory simply because Master Robert Peppercorn insisted on having a long tail to his kite. We philosophers on paper are not always philosophers in practice; and I was so provoked, as mentally to pronounce upon my spouse and latest born a sentence of banishment to a celebrated place of verbal transportation on the banks of the Jordan. Mrs Peppercorn, however, went no further on the road to Jericho than her own store-closet, where I heard her rummaging for tea-papers. With these the cause of my discomfort was speedily supplied; as I soon ascertained, from a great rustling thereof, accompanied by a loud "Hooray!" and a rushing of juvenile legs over the stairs.

The fracture of my peace was not yet completed; on that day it was broken into unnumbered pieces. Again Mrs Peppercorn invaded my privacy—not for the purpose, as I dreaded, of scolding me for my late rudeness—far from it: her face was radiant with smiles, which afterwards ripened into a laugh somewhat louder than that in which her excellent breeding allows her usually to indulge. To enjoy it with perfect impunity, she sunk into the nearest chair; for I may here remark, that my Julia's expansive figure (once so symmetrical and fairy-like) renders a standing laugh not a very safe experiment. The cause of her mirth was manifestly a packet of dusty papers held in her hand. "To think," she exclaimed, "that, after losing these tender effusions for so many years, I should at last find them behind the pickle jars!" "What are they?" I inquired; and proceeding to investigate more closely, I found that the innocent cause of my wife's merriment was a parcel of poems which I had addressed to her some quarter of a century ago during our courtship. Having a faint recollection of their style and contents, I could not help joining most heartily in the laugh. It was clear that the atomic theory was to be blown to the winds; for Mrs Peppercorn drew her chair to the table, and commenced arranging my juvenile lucubrations in order for perusing them.

The contrast between the past and the present, presented in some of these verses, was really irresistible; and as we compared the sentiments they contained with the existing state of things, our mirth increased with the perusal of each succeeding poem, like the *crescendo* movement of the overture our eldest daughter was practising in an adjoining room. At last this young lady came in to inquire what was the matter. Though we thought it prudent not to let her into the secret of our amusement, yet I will endeavour to impart some of it to the reader.

The first poem handed to me by Mrs Peppercorn was a sonnet. I remember writing it on the morning after I met her, for the first time, at a country tea-party. To appreciate its truthfulness, it will be necessary for the reader to know that the person to whom the poem was addressed, and who had inspired it, was, at that time, a young lady not remarkably beautiful; nay, my spouse allows me to admit that her own recollections of her former self are by no means flattering. She owns to having possessed good eyes and tolerable hair (the last lately improved in outward appearance from the artificial stores of Mr Truefit of Bond Street), and a figure which, with some pretensions to elegance, was not set off by the odious fashion of short waists and book-muslin, then in full vogue. Yet so captivating a first impression did she make upon my imagination, that, after a sleepless night, I seized my pen, and perpetrated the following sonnet

TO JULIA.

While musing o'er the lays of olden time,
I read of forms in poesy rehearsed;
Descriptions, born of love, by passion nursed,
And beauty shadowed forth in glowing rhyme.
These life-like forms invoked in thoughts sublime,
Imbued with an intense but holy fire,
Were, to my sceptic reason, pictured then
As love-lorn ravings of the poet's lyre,
Or essences too pure for mortal ken.
Oh, disbelief of the poetic quire!
Dark dream of doubt!—distrust of nature's skill—
That might have rapt my veiled vision still;
Had it not wakened on that star-gemmed night,
When *thy* bright beauty burst upon my sight.

Mrs Peppercorn bids me state—lest an impression should rest on the reader's mind unfavourable to her maiden modesty—that the last line but one is contrary to strict truth. She never, on any occasion, met me out of doors on a "star-gemmed" or any other night; and at the period referred to, when we commenced our acquaintance, the real luminaries, by means of which her "bright beauty burst upon my sight," were the four mould candles which illuminated Aunt Deborah's drawing-room.

Having thus erected my excellent Julia into the goddess of my idolatry, I can perfectly well remember that, without the slightest knowledge of her real disposition or accomplishments, I placed her at once on the pinnacle of female perfection. "How," thought I, "can I expect a young lady of such exquisite beauty—one, too, who sings 'Just like love' (the song she happened to warble at Aunt Deborah's) quite as well as Madame Catalani should, if, poor thing, she could speak English; how can I dream that she will ever look so low as myself for the disposal of her affections; she who might aspire to a prince, or even to Sir Benjamin Buckhorn's eldest son, confessedly the best match in the county! Forbid the presumptuous thought!" The consequence of these modest cogitations was, that in the next number of the local newspaper appeared the following

STANZAS.

Dark are the scenes that once possessed
The power to charm my heart and eye,
Gone is the peace which from my breast
Banished the rising, care-born sigh:
For in its place an image reigns—
Uncheered by hope—of one most fair,
Of one who every thought retains,
Whom I adore in mute despair.

Treason 'twould be my love to breathe,
Although to her my soul I vow;
For oh, most deeply I should grieve
One shade to cause on her loved brow.
Therefore my hopeless passion nurst
In secret sadness, I must bear,
Till silent tears have done their worst,
On—one who loves in mute despair.

May, 1813. P. P.

Touched by these pathetic stanzas (I had sent a copy of the paper carefully directed in my own handwriting), Mrs Peppercorn informs me that she determined to lighten the burden of my despair, by telling her sister Anne to hint to Aunt Deborah, who it was not doubted would finally mention to me, that she (Miss Julia Johnson) would be present at the forthcoming Podgington assembly. This absorbingly interesting fact *did* come to my ears, and never shall I forget the state of agitation it threw me in till the evening arrived. I made frequent pilgrimages to the street in which she then resided, and looked with rapture on the red-brick house with its stone steps and brass knocker. Nay, more, I grievously paraphrased that respectable tenement as "the *cadeau* which held the jewel of my existence" in a sonnet which Mrs Peppercorn advises me not by any means to exhibit to the reader, it being, according to her criticism, "so extremely ridiculous."

The looked-for night arrived, and, to quote the drawing-room sublime of modern poetry—

"We met—'twas in a crowd."

After a great deal of manœuvring, I managed to summon sufficient courage to ask her to dance. She consented. Our conversation between the "figures" was of that entertaining kind which has, I firmly believe, been carried on in similar circumstances from the earliest ages. I inquired "if she were fond of dancing?" The invariable "Yes—very" followed. Presently, I cunningly remarked that "it was very warm," whereupon Miss Johnson condescendingly agreed with me, by stating that "a little fresh air would be agreeable." This led me more deeply into the subject, by adding that crowded rooms were not nearly so conducive to health as country walks. "Are you fond of the country?" and the young lady replied with the promptest earnestness "that she was."

Looking at my excellent spouse, as I do at this moment, with the weight of five-and-forty years upon her brow, I cannot by any means account for the glowing effect of the above commonplace conversation: it, however, infused into me fresh symptoms of poetical sentiment. On reaching my lodgings, I wrote a sonnet by the light of the moon, then at its full—as the contents of the annexed rhymes will doubtless testify:—

SONNET, SUGGESTED BY A CONVERSATION WITH MISS J. JOHNSON AT THE LAST PODGINGTON ASSEMBLY.

One instant's thought upon the streamlet's verge,
Whence bees store honey in each luscious cell;
One moment's musing in some shady dell,
Whence winged songsters to the hills emerge:
An hour's solitude where the loud hymn
Is sung 'twixt heaven and earth by merry lark,
Heard both by man and listening cherubim:
One instant's lonely joy in sylvan scenes,
Where Nature's face with health and vigour beams;
Where quiet reigns, save when the storm-cloud dark
Bursts o'er the stillness—more intense
When it hath passed in dread magnificence—
Is worth a century in fashion's thralls,
Amidst the crowds of miscalled "Pleasure's" halls.*

"I can remember," said Mrs Peppercorn, after laying down the paper, "that by the time you sent me this effusion, I was somewhat impressed in your favour. But when I showed your verses to my mother, she cautioned me against you, as being half-crazed to make such a fuss about nothing. However, as there were at that time four of us unmarried, she promised to persuade my father to ask you to dinner some day."

And well do I remember when that happy day arrived! On receiving the invitation, I rushed incontinently to my tailor and ordered a new swallow-tailed coat. My humility got an uprise: I determined not to disgrace Mr Johnson's table by being the worst dressed at it. That he, decidedly the leading man in the town (my late father-in-law was an eminent attorney and clerk of the Podgington quarter sessions)—that a man so locally renowned should have asked me—a mere student of law with small expectations—to his hospitable board, was an honour I had never dreamt of; setting aside the delight of being admitted into the sphere of his daughter's attractions. Here Mrs Peppercorn interrupts me with a laugh, and an inquiry whether I have forgotten mistaking her after dinner for a poetess!

Indeed I have not. One of the drawing-room amusements was an exhibition of the young ladies' commonplace books—albums not having been invented. I prayed to be allowed to write something in Miss Julia's. On taking it home, I was delighted to perceive, at page 35, a poem signed "Julia J." I read it, and was enraptured. Byron was then getting popular, and Moore had created some sensation; but I fully persuaded myself that neither of them was worthy to hold a Parnassian candle to Miss Julia Johnson's muse. The lines purported to have been penned at some watering-place, whither the writer was taken while in ill health; they conveyed a request to her friends that they would be good enough to "take her home to die." Charmed beyond measure with this new evidence of my idol's accomplishments, I rested not till I had inserted an "answer" to the melancholy request; which everybody will acknowledge was well calculated for insertion in a book devoted to commonplaces. It was pleasingly entitled,

ANSWER TO THE POEM AT PAGE THIRTY-FIVE.

There is a bright career before thee yet;
The bays which Fame is wreathing for thy brow
Are scarcely gathered. Ere thy star be set,
Thy name—haply not that thou bearest now,

* I think it but honest to state, that some of the ideas in this piece are stolen from Beattie's "Minstrel," with that unblushing effrontery peculiar to love-lorn young gentlemen, who know they can pursue this kind of poetical larceny with impunity, being always let off on the *non compos* plea.

Shall be another name for poesy. Love
Has yet to luminate thy gifted soul;
And when his spells around thy heart are wove,
Thy genius will, by Passion fired, enroll
Thy name indelibly in Fame's undying scroll!

Then the heart's master, scarcely chilled by Fame,
Shall whisper thee of one who loved to hear
The praises showered on thy cherished name—
Who treasured up the fruits thy muse doth bear.
And when in lapse of years we shall descend
Life's downward path, *together* may we wend!
May *my* wished home by thy dear form be blest,
That both, till death, in mutual love may rest.

My wife tells me that on my returning the commonplace-book with this poetical addition, it was a subject of general wonder in the family why I should take such a roundabout method of offering my hand, heart, and fortune to Miss Julia Johnson; for although her mother had at first some doubts as to whether the poem was, in point of fact, a declaration, yet she was convinced, after submitting it to her husband; for that acute lawyer at once pronounced his opinion, that, taken in connexion with corroborative evidence, damages would, in case of breach of promise, be unquestionably recovered upon the document. This settled the point; and Mrs Johnson immediately commenced inquiring into my circumstances, past, present, and to come. These she learnt from Aunt Deborah; and the result was so far satisfactory, that I became an established visitor at the house of the eminent Podgington lawyer. To this privilege were added several rights and immunities in such cases made and provided: it generally happened that, on entering the room, the seat next to Miss Julia became a vacant one, and when I had courage—which was not always—I took possession of it. In our country walks, the rest of the party were sometimes so good as to walk a little way before us, or to lag a little distance behind us. At last the long vacation was coming to a close, and it was necessary that I should do something decisive before I returned to London to complete my terms at Lincoln's Inn. It was a desperate struggle, but I determined to make it. Mrs Peppercorn laughingly declares that on that awful occasion I looked extremely silly, and I do not doubt her word. She of course declined—as all young ladies instinctively do—my *first* offer. "Mamma considered her too young just yet"—"could not look upon me otherwise than as a friend"—"but *as* a friend," &c. And finally, Miss Julia kindly advising me "to forget," wished me a good morning, and hoped I should have a pleasant journey.

The idea of separation to a man with a poetical temperament, can never be so well expressed as in rhymes. The prospect of going all the way to London—which was at least twenty-five miles off—and of not seeing Miss Julia Johnson even "as a friend" for at least eleven weeks—to say nothing of my poignant disappointment—acted as a violent stimulant to my poetical propensities, and I added another to the thousand and one stanzas which had been inflicted on the public on the subject of

SEPARATION.

Severed soon will thine image be
From one who loves to look on thee,
Not with the fitful feverish glance
Of passion, nursed by warm romance,
But with a fervent searching gaze,
Which sees each hidden charm, each phase
Of the light thy beaming eyes express,
Radiant with mental loveliness.

Yes, severed 'tis my doom to be
From the form I regard so tenderly:
And thy words, that win a life and grace
From the beams of thy smile-illumined face,
No more shall charm my raptured sense.
Yet memory, with a grief intense,
Shall treasure those when last we met,
Which bid me fly—despair—forget.

Though my love, which is now my misery,
Unblest has been by one smile from thee,
I repine not; for, with forward mien,
I pressed fond hope where scorn has been.
Farewell! may these pangs—the sleepless eye—
The oft-heaved, deep, convulsive sigh—
Never o'ercast *thy* happy lot:
I obey—I despair—but "forget" thee not.

Having forwarded copies of this pathetic elegy to Miss Julia, and to the editor of the "Podgington Free Press," I set out for Lincoln's Inn, to continue my study of conveyancing: and thither I was accordingly transported on the top of a stage-coach.

A month had not elapsed before I received a letter from Aunt Deborah, containing the delightful intelligence that the Johnsons were coming to town, and that they proposed to make me their cicerone for showing the ladies the so-called "Lions of London." I accepted the office gladly; and when they arrived, I saw the object of my regard every day—a privilege which I have had the pleasure of enjoying with little interruption for the last five-and-twenty years. The poetical period of my addresses was "beginning to end." I could perceive from various indications in the young lady's deportment, that she had made up her mind to have me, but determined to keep me in suspense as long as possible. This conviction gave to my thoughts a worldly turn. I began to think about my prospects, and my capabilities of making a respectable figure as a married man; and with the sanguine hopes of a person of four-and-twenty, settled that all would be well after my call to the bar took place. With these views, I bethought me that Miss Julia might, before leaving London, afford some palpable demonstration of feelings which her general conduct towards me tacitly expressed. I again resorted to verse to obtain the wished-for concession. The reader will perceive what a sedative effect even the prospect of matrimony had upon my imagination, the following being decidedly the most rational specimen of my muse in the whole collection:—

"YES."

Though your beautiful lips reply "no,"
When my suit I so ardently press;
Yet thy lips play thee false, for I know,
By thy blushes, they're bid to say "Yes."

When for ever I swore I'd away,
A tear you could hardly repress;
When I punctually came the next day,
Your smile was an omen of "Yes."

Though hope and its visions may shine
From the favour your eyes that express,
Yet suspense and its tortures are mine,
Till you speak the blest syllable, "Yes."

The young lady was, however, cruel enough to depart without indulging me with the coveted affirmative: but I consoled myself with the prospect of visiting Podgington between the Easter and Trinity terms.

Only one more poem remains. The reader will perceive a great alteration in its style, compared with the former ones. The truth is, on arriving at Podgington, my wife-elect was determined to put my sincerity to a severe test. The time chosen for this was the evening of the yeomanry cavalry ball, at which the son and heir of Sir Benjamin Buckhorn gave her, by his marked attentions, an excellent opportunity of playing him off as my rival. She not only danced with him twice, but allowed him—bedizened as he was in all the finery of the Podgington yeomanry uniform—to hand her down to supper. I felt perfectly able to annihilate the cornet in spite of his sword, so full did I feel of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. But I chose, in the end, a milder mode of revenge. I simply afflicted Miss Julia with the following stanzas, which I took care should be delivered to her next morning, time enough to spoil her appetite for breakfast:

TO JULIA.

I trusted not thy words, though they were such
As sternly bade me not Hope's torrent stem;
But 'twas thy luring smile, thy willing touch,
Alas! I trusted them.

I sought a woman's love, nor could I deem
Aught but unchanging truth imbued thy heart;
Nor, like a wayward girl, thy smiles would beam
To play a trifler's part.

Within my broken spirit shall not beat
One throb of soul-subduing grief in vain!
Thou shalt not see those tears—it is not meet
Caprice should feed on pain.

No! like the stricken hart, this deep despair
In solitude its bleeding wounds shall ope,
And flowers that sprung from love, all fading there,
Shall strew the tomb of Hope.

—and all because Mr B. Buckhorn, cornet in the Podgington yeomanry, danced twice with Miss Julia Johnson, and handed her down to supper! But my revenge did not end here. I carried my threats into execution; for, while the damsel was breaking her first egg, I was on my way to that metropolis of solitudes, London.

This was the last poem I ever wrote, and—let these gray hairs witness my sincerity—the last I ever mean to write. To end the story, my beloved Julia repented of her innocent flirtation with the rustic cornet—matters were made up, and the next time I troubled my friend, the editor of the "Podgington Free Press," it was to insert the announcement of our marriage. Thus much of the poetry before, now for the prose after marriage.

The honeymoon had not terminated, ere I discovered that Mrs Peppercorn was a very different sort of person to the divinity my poetical ideas had pictured. On a second trial of "Just like love," I found that her singing, instead of bearing any resemblance to that of Catalani, was much more like the small attempts of a timid damsel with a weak voice. This has, however, acquired considerable strength and volume since, especially in speaking on the subject of keeping dinner waiting, or other domestic misdemeanors. As to her supposed poetical talents, I was egregiously mistaken about them, for I soon found out the verses were copied into her commonplace book from a magazine, and she subscribed her initials to them solely to court admiration for her neat hand-writing; just as advertising writing-masters exhibit specimens of their pupils' proficiency "after six lessons." It was lucky, however, as I afterwards convinced myself, that singing and poetry are not essential to matrimonial happiness. Other qualifications gradually developed themselves, which were much more germane to the matter. In the first place, Mrs Peppercorn is an excellent domestic economist, at least I have good reason to think so; for, having retired from the bar upon a moderate income, I find myself looked upon as a man of property, simply from the style in which we live and bring up our family. To be sure I eke out my income with the aid of my pen, and an "article" now and then. In fact, though my beloved spouse has always proved herself decidedly dull and backward respecting the fine arts, yet she is highly proficient in the useful ones. I know it does not become a man to speak of his wife's accomplishments; but this I *will* say, that Mrs Peppercorn's currant jelly is not to be matched in the county; and as to her seasoned-pasties, they are equal to the *pâtes* of Ude or Gunter. This I assert with confidence; and if, dear reader, you should ever find your way to our place of retirement, which is Podgington Lodge, we shall be delighted to afford you the opportunity of discussing pasties with Mrs Peppercorn, and prose with, your servant to command,

P. P

CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The gross ignorance which appears to have pervaded every department of the government in early times, is frequently evinced by new enactments of old laws, stating, as an apology, that hitherto the law was doubtful, and that therefore it was necessary to declare it. The same is indicated by absurd assertions contained in acts of parliament. Thus, one of Henry VI.'s declares, that a great number of sheep with their fleeces on their backs, and ready for shearing, were carried into Flanders and other places abroad, to the great detriment of the customs. This practice must have existed only in the imagination of the framer of the act, as the mere expense of conveying the sheep would have been more than their fleeces were worth. A parliament of Edward IV. asserts, that the bad feathers imported for beds had brought the plague into England: unfortunately, feathers were never imported from countries where the plague existed. Richard III.'s parliament evinced their profound knowledge of geography, by affirming the inhabitants of Catalonia to be Italians. In historical knowledge, our parliaments have shown themselves equally versed. Lord Coke asserts, that we must accept as true any statement contained in an act of parliament, such a statement "being a proof unanswerable, and of the highest nature." At this rate, we may derive some valuable information from our statutes. Take the Irish act (11 Eliz., stat. 3, cap. 1), attainting "that caitiffe and miserable rebel, Shane O'Neile." It opens with an elaborate history of the rebellion, and proceeds to deduce the title of the sovereigns of England to the crown of Ireland after this fashion: "It may like your most excellent majesty to be advertised that the auncient chronicles of this realm, written both in the Latin, English, and Irish tongues, allege sundry auncient titles for the kings of England to this land of Ireland; and, first, that at the beginning, afore the coming of Irishmen into the sayd land, they were dwelling in a province of Spain called Biscan, whereof Bayon (Bayonne) was a member, and the chief citie. And at the said Irishmen's comming into Ireland, one King Gurmonde, sonne to the noble King Belan, king of Great Britain, which now is called England, was lord of Bayon, as many of his successors were to the time of king Henry II., first conqueror of this realm, and, therefore, the Irishmen be the king of England his people, and Ireland his land. Another title, that at the same time that Irishmen came out of Biscay as exiled persons, in sixtie ships, they met with the same King Gurmonde upon the sea, at the yles of Oreades, then coming from Denmark with great victory; their captaines, called Hiberus and Hermon, went to this king and told him the cause of their comming out of Biscay, and prayed, with great instance, that he would graunt unto them that they might inhabit some land in the west. The king at the last, by the advice of his council, granted them Ireland to inhabit, and assigned unto them guides for the sea to bring them thither, and therefore they should and ought to bee the king of England's men." How uselessly have antiquaries and historians been puzzling their brains to determine the early history of the Irish! An Irish parliament has authoritatively settled the question, and who shall impugn its judgment? The early history of Scotland has been illustrated by similar lights. When Edward I. asserted his rights to a superiority over the kings of Scotland, he addressed a long letter to the pope, in which he learnedly deduced his title. He began with the age of "Heli and Samuel." Then was Britain inhabited by giants. These were extirpated by Brute, the Trojan, who divided the country between his three sons, Locrine, Albanact, and Camber, on condition that the two younger brothers should hold their portions in fee from, and subservience to, their senior. Locrine established himself at London, and his feudal superiority was transmitted to his successors, among whom was the famous Arthur. The monarch-historian then passed from the dim twilight of tradition to the records of homage done by Scottish kings to their English lords, and on these, with his historical reasonings, he rested his claim. But Baldred Bisset, the Scottish envoy, was not to be foiled by such weapons. History he answered with history. He declared that the Scottishmen irreverently cared nothing for Brute or his sons. The Scots claimed another origin. They were descended from the intrepid Scota, the daughter of the Egyptian Pharaoh, who landed in Ireland, and whose progeny, by their own good swords, won the northern half of Britain from the descendants of the Trojan Brute. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Pope Boniface dared, and, flattered by Edward's assurances of friendship, from which he expected great things, gave his verdict for the Trojan, preferring "the brood of Troy" to the offspring of the Egyptian princess.

The extraordinary mixture of motives in our statutory preambles is amusing enough. Take, for example, the preamble to the 2 and 3 Edw. VI., cap. 19, which enacts penalties for eating meat on Fridays, and other fast days. It recites, as the grounds for such legislation, "that due and godly abstinence is a mean to virtue, and to subdue men's bodies to their souls and spirits;" and "also *especially* that fishers, and men using the trade of fishing in the sea, may thereby be rather set on work; and that, by eating of much fish, much flesh shall be saved." The 10 Anne, cap. 18, recites, that "great loss hath happened of the duties already laid upon stamped vellum, parchment, and paper; and other inconveniences daily grow from *clandestine marriages*, for remedy whereof be it enacted," &c. The diminution of the duties payable upon marriage licences, in consequence of the increase of clandestine marriages, had, in the view of the financial minister, seriously affected the revenue. Celibacy was laid under contribution as well as matrimony, as appears from "an act granting certain rates and duties upon marriages, births, and burials, and upon bachelors and widows, for the space of five years, *for carrying on the war with France with vigour*."

Our ancient statutes are very curious as monuments of the language formerly spoken by the upper classes in England—in short, the court language. The statutes were in Latin or French, chiefly in the former, down to the reign of Henry VI., and from the times of Henry VII. down to the present, they have been invariably in English. The earliest *English* law instrument known to exist is said to be of the date of 1343. The first time that English was used in any parliamentary proceeding, was in the 36 Henry III. Henry IV., in 1400, claimed the throne in a speech in English, which is called his maternal tongue. We have modernised the spelling, and the reader will see that the language is good English of the present day. "In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge this realm of England, because I am descended by right line of blood from the good lord, King Henry III. The which realm was on the point to be undone for default of government and undoing of the good laws." James I. of England, in addressing his parliament in 1609, recommended that the books of the common law should be written in the mother tongue, that the people might know what to obey, and that the lawyers in law, like popish priests in the gospel, might not keep the people in ignorance. The Long Parliament issued an ordinance directing that all law books for the future should be published in English; an innovation which the lawyers felt to be a great grievance. Sir Harbottle Grimstone, himself a parliamentarian, laments, in a preface to his father-in-law's Reports, the necessity he was under of translating them into English. "There be certain legal formalities and ceremonies peculiarly appropriated and anciently known amongst us, so as that they now seem to be *essentials of the law itself*; and such, I conceive, are the writings of the orders and records of courts in peculiar hands, and the printing of law reports in their proper *language and tongue*." In order to preserve as much of the ancient obscurity of the law as he *dared*, he printed the reports in *black letter*. The law, says Roger North in his treatise on the study of the law, is "scarcely expressible properly in English; and when it is done, it must be done *François*, or be very uncouth." As a specimen of this law French, take a charge to the grand jury of Mr Justice Coke, who lived in the reigns of James I. and his son. "Car jeo *dys* pur leur *amendment*, ils seant semblable ala *vipers labouring* pur *eat out the bowells* del terre, *which brings them forth*. De Jesuits leur *positions* sont *damnable*. * * Doyes etre *careful* a *discover* eux. *Receivers of stolen goods are* semblable a les *horse leeches, which still cry bring, bring*." In the table of contents of a work on chancery practice by Lord Nottingham, chancellor to Charles II., the same elegant language is used. Chapter 7 is headed, "*Equity relieves* en plusors *cases* l'ou les *printed books deny it*."

The legislation of each session made its appearance in one statute, each matter being treated of in a separate chapter, and the statute being numbered according to the year of the king's reign. We have retained the old custom of numbering our statutes, first, by the year of the king's reign, and secondly, by chapters; but each legislative provision is considered to constitute a separate statute. Thus, 6 Victoria, cap. (caput or chapter) 6, implies, that the act was passed in the sixth year of the present queen's reign, and is the sixth act so passed. In point of fact, a variety of distinct matters are still often comprised in one act or chapter, which, it may be remarked, is further divided into sections. The longest act with which the lawyer had to do in the middle of the last century, was the 34 and 35 Henry VIII., cap. 26. The act is thus numbered because the session of parliament in which it was passed extended through both those years of the king's reign. It is an act regulating the government of Wales, and was considered very long, as containing 130 sections. The general bankrupt act, 6 Geo. IV., cap. 16, contains 136 sections; and our income and land tax, and general turnpike acts, are usually of about the same length. This would not be of so much consequence, if the titles of the acts gave any clue to their contents. For example, who would expect to find, in an act "to explain and amend," a window tax act (20 Geo. II., cap. 42), a clause to the effect that, in all future statutes, Wales and Berwick upon-Tweed were to be taken as included, whether named or not. If any one were desirous of learning what were the regulations formerly subsisting respecting the transmission of petitions to members of parliament, he must search "an act for laying an additional duty on tea and coffee." What shall be thought of an act with such a title as follows? "An act for the better securing of the duties upon certain goods, removed from the outports and other places to London; for regulating the fees of his majesty's customs in the province of Senegambia, in Africa; for allowing to the receivers-general of the duties on offices and employments in Scotland a proper compensation; for the better preservation of bothies, thorns, and quicksets in forests, chases, and private grounds, and of trees and underwoods in forests and chases; and for authorising the exportation of a limited quantity of inferior sort of barley, called bigg, from the port of Kirkwall in the island of Orkney." The 23 Geo. II., cap. 25, relates to the piloting of ships up the Thames and Medway, the loading of ships with British rum before the payment of duties, the sale of coals in Westminster, the regulation of carriers upon the Thames, the government of merchant seamen, the preservation of salmon in the Ribble, the regulation of certain fees in the court of Exchequer, the apprehending of persons in any county, the regulation of the hours of the Excise office, the prevention of the stealing of turnips, and the regulation of attorneys and solicitors! A very important alteration in the law, affecting the division of the personal property of parties dying without wills, was introduced in "an act for the revival and continuance of several acts of parliament." Legislation prosecuted in such a manner as this, exposes the ruler to the stigma which attached to Caligula, who wrote his laws in such small characters, and hung them so high, that the people could not read them. Some of the titles of statutes are positively absurd; as, for instance, that of the 19 Henry VII., cap. 6, "Pewterers walking." Another act is entitled "The stage-coach-passengers' numerical limitation act." The title of a very recent act is equally amusing: "An act for the more effectual abolition of oaths and affirmations made in various departments of the state, and to substitute declarations in lieu thereof; and for the *more entire* suppression of voluntary and extra-judicial oaths," (5 and 6 Will. IV., cap. 8). It is a pity that so excellent an act should be so absurdly entitled, or, at least, that the framer did not inform us how the suppression could be *more* than *entire*. It was *entire* before; or why the expression of *more entire*?

The style of some of the preambles to our statutes vies in absurdity with the Emperor of China's proclamations. One to a money act, in the reign of the eighth Henry, is as follows:—"We, the people of this realm, have, for the most part of us, so lived under his majesty's sure protection, and yet so live, out of all fear and danger, as if there were no warre at all, even as the small fishes of the sea, in the most tempestuous and stormie weather doe lie quietly under the rock or bank-side, and are not moved with the surges of the water, nor stirred out of their quiet place, howsoever the wind bloweth." In the 1 James I., cap. 1, in which the title of James I. to the throne of England is recognised, the parliament assure the king that, "*upon the knees of their hearts*, they *agnize* their constant faith, obedience, and loyalty to his majesty and his royal progeny."

Sometimes, however, we meet with sound principles, and these expressed with both force and propriety. The 11 Henry VII., cap. 1, commences in this way—"The king, our sovereign lord, calling to his remembrance the duty of allegiance of his subjects of this realm, and that they, by reason of the same, are bound to serve their prince and sovereign lord, for the time being, in his wars for the defence of him and the land, against every rebellion, power, and might, reared against him, and, with him, to enter and abide in service of battel if case so require; and that, for the same service, what fortune ever fall by chance in the same battel, against the mind and will of the prince (as in this land some time passed hath been seen), that it is not reasonable, but against all laws, reason, and good conscience, that the said subjects, going with their sovereign lord in wars, attending upon his person, or being in other places by his commandment within this land or without, anything should lose or forfeit, for doing their true duty and service of allegiance," &c. The 1 Edward VI. repeals many of the harsh and cruel laws of Henry VIII. The preamble recites that "subjects should obey rather from love of their prince than from dread of severe laws; that, as in time past, or winter, one course and garment is convenient, and in calm or more warm weather, a more liberal case, or lighter garments both may and ought to be followed, and used, so it is likewise necessary to alter the laws according to the times." Pompous and sententious as it is, and gravely as it enunciates an obvious truism, we have here laid down a principle which, in practice, has been rarely recognised by our own or any other legislature.

The subjects to which some laws have addressed themselves, illustrate strikingly enough the manners of the times. Thus, in the old customary law of Rheims, in France, the preservation of pigeons is particularly provided for; and from a statute of our Edward II., we learn that any one taking a pigeon in the winter subjected himself to punishment. In the view of the Welsh legislator, Howel Dha, the cat is the animal whose safety is to be the most especially tendered. In one section of his laws, he lays down the prices of cats of different ages, and with a most elaborate discrimination of species and properties. To kill the queen's cat is treated as one of the gravest offences in the whole code. It has been related of a celebrated German writer, that when presented with a tract discussing the Roman law respecting natural heirs, or heirs who were descendants of one deceased, which tract bore the title, barbarous as is the Latinity, "De Jure Suitatis," he burst into a hearty laugh, supposing that the subject discussed was the rights of *hogs*. The hog, in spite of the critic's laugh, was an animal of great consideration amongst our ancestors, as their law-books plainly evince. The privilege of feeding hogs in the royal forests is granted by the great forest-charter of Henry III.; and that this was a privilege of no slight value, is apparent, when we consider that, even in the great men's castles, the people subsisted during winter chiefly upon salted meat. In Doomsday Book, which is an account of the various land estates in England shortly after the conquest, it is always stated for how many hogs each estate could furnish mast, or beech nut, or other food. It is from the circumstance of the animal feeding most usually in England upon beech-mast, which in the Anglo-Saxon is called *bucon*, that *bacon* is supposed to derive its name. From Doomsday we learn that Middlesex had pannage or food for 16,535 hogs, Hertfordshire for 30,705, and Essex for 92,991. An Anglo-Saxon nobleman bequeathes 2000 swine to his two daughters; another leaves to his relations a hide of land, and directs 200 swine to be given to two priests in equal proportions, for the good of his soul. The keeping of hogs is the subject of a whole chapter of an ancient law book of the time of Edward I., and the stealing of hogs occupies a large place in the laws of the Salic Franks. The forest-charter, already referred to, permits every freeman to take the honey that is found in his own woods. We may readily believe that honey was in great request until the West India plantations of sugar diminished its value, and while its accompaniment of wax served so largely to give light. In France, and in the northern parts of Europe, especially Denmark and Sweden, the security of the bees is provided by a number of minute regulations. The fondness of our ancestors for the sports of the field and chase are well known, and history has told us with what severe regulations our kings endeavoured to protect their game from interlopers. Of the Conqueror the Saxon chronicler says—"He made many deer parks, and he established laws by which whosoever slew a hart or a hind was deprived of his eyesight. He forbade men to kill harts or boars, and he loved the tall deer as if he were their father." The king's bow-bearer in the New Forest, an office once held by Sir Walter Tyrrel, and, until lately, by Mr Stewart Rose, the well-known poet, is bound by his oath of office "to be of good behaviour to his majesty's wild beasts." The forest-charter contains a singular provision respecting his majesty's visitors. It is the king who speaks:—"Whatsoever archbishop, bishop, earl, or baron, coming to us at our commandment, passing through our forests, it shall be lawful for him to take and kill one or two of our deer in view of our forester, if he be present; or else he shall cause one to blow an horn for him, *that he may not seem to steal our deer*." The clergy of the day were immoderately fond of field-sports, amongst which hawking held a chief place; so much so, that a contemporary writer declares that they were evil pastors, caring much for their *birds*, and little for their *flocks*. Prynne sarcastically remarks, that the bishops "loved venison and hunting in those days," and there appear grounds for this belief. On the death of every bishop and abbot, the king was entitled to his best horse or palfrey, and his pack of hounds—a law which shows that such expensive luxuries were commonly possessed by this class.

PARKHURST PRISON FOR JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

THE report presented to parliament of the condition of this prison during the year 1842 is highly gratifying. Since its formation in 1838, the system adopted for reforming and instructing, rather than punishing, juvenile culprits, has been steadily and most successfully carried out.* The number of prisoners during the past year was 375, of ages varying from between 8 and 10, to between 18 and 21 years. They were divided into two classes, according to their aptitude for learning and practising various trades; and although, at the formation of the establishment, it was found inexpedient to intrust the prisoners with the dangerous tools of the carpenter, &c., this restriction no longer exists; and during the past year, classes of carpenters, sawyers, coopers, and bricklayers, have been formed under superintending tradesmen of each class, in addition to the tailors and shoemakers at work from the first. The proficiency attained by these classes has been satisfactory, and in some cases beyond expectation. The young sawyers have cut up 37,636 superficial feet of timber, felled from the prison lands. The elder and strongest boys only can

* For an account of this establishment, we refer our readers to an article in No. 449 of the Journal, entitled, "A Visit to Parkhurst."

be employed as sawyers; their proficiency in work is reported to be good, many of them being able to measure and line the timber preparatory to cutting it. The prisoners connected with the various departments of building seem to have had plenty of employment. In the month of July last, an additional ward for 100 prisoners was commenced in rear, and to the west, of the present prison buildings, and adjoining to it a new school and chapel: and on the elevated ground to the north of the present prison, an additional prison for juvenile delinquents is in course of preparation. These buildings have been severally covered in. The bulk of this work has been executed under contract, and the prisoners employed thereon as directed. Circumstances have prevented more than ten prisoners being instructed in the cooper's art; and although they only commenced work in July last, they made, by December, 483 articles well enough to be received into her majesty's stores, for the use of the public service. It must be remembered, that the above named trades were only introduced into Parkhurst prison during the past year; yet the quantity and goodness of the work testifies to the rapid and excellent manner in which the trades were acquired. The making of clothes and shoes has, however, been always carried on; and every prisoner, on his first admission, is put to these occupations, whatever he may be destined for afterwards. The twelvemonth's work of the tailors produced 6,242 garments; the shoemakers made 2,206 pairs of shoes, and 31 leather caps. The greatest portion of the clothes and shoes have been applied to the convict service; some for home consumption at Parkhurst, and the rest for boys embarked from the prison for the colonies. Besides handicraft, agricultural labour is carried on by the Parkhurst prisoners, upon a farm belonging to the establishment. Good quantities of oats, hay, potatoes, &c., were produced in spite of a dry season, and other disadvantages; and four acres of recently reclaimed land were cropped with turnips, oats, and potatoes. The stock on this miniature farm is small, but quite adequate to teaching the prisoners various matters of management connected with cattle and other live stock.

Besides the prospect the inmates of Parkhurst have of becoming masters—provided they be diligent—of a trade on leaving the prison, an average of three hours per day is devoted by schoolmasters, under the superintendence of the chaplain, to scholastic teaching. Not only reading, writing and arithmetic, but grammar, geography, etymology, and music are taught. The report on this department, ably drawn up by the Rev. Mr England, chaplain, is perhaps the most interesting of the whole, and affords new illustrations of the effect of education upon crime. According to Mr England's statement, intellectual improvement and general good conduct are, with few exceptions, concomitant; therefore the scholastic acquirements of the prisoners appear, from the details of the report, to be on a par with their moral behaviour. "Bad conduct," it is remarked in a former report, "in all its varieties, is most prevalent among the least instructed; and as the prisoners advance in the school classes, the number of their delinquencies decrease;" while, on the other hand, experience has proved, that where considerable attainment in knowledge has been gained without a corresponding degree of religious and moral principle, the parties so situated, in a *larger majority* of cases than in the ignorant classes, turn out equally bad, if not worse, in reality being far more dangerous characters. Since the opening of the prison, the whole number admitted amounts to 413. Twenty of them had never been to school; the rest having attended either national, infant, Lancastrian, factory, regimental, workhouse, private, or Sunday schools. Yet only thirteen could read well, eighty-eight tolerably, and all the others either imperfectly or not at all. Out of the 413, however, there were only two who could not repeat the Lord's prayer. As regards improvement, of 119 admitted in 1839, 108 have up to this time conducted themselves well, and are in a very hopeful state. The great majority of them entered grossly ignorant, with tempers unrestrained, and habits the most immoral; foul in speech, and sinister in aspect; and yet of these it is reported that 81 have (as far as man can judge) so decidedly improved, that they may be considered changed characters; their evil passions are subdued, and their habits reformed. Their demeanour and whole appearance have altered for the better; and their ignorance, comparatively speaking, has passed away. Of 116 prisoners admitted in 1840, the report is equally favourable. By a table of the state of the schools on the 31st December 1842, we find that out of 240 prisoners, the conduct of 116 of them had been good, 104 indifferent, but only 20 decidedly bad.

The chief difficulty which the authorities feel, is to know what to do with the discharged prisoners when thoroughly reformed. By a wise regulation, the government have pardoned several deserving prisoners, upon the condition that they emigrate to one of our free colonies, providing them with a suitable outfit. Of the prisoners removed during the past year, 110 have been discharged under such pardon. They quitted the prison in a very becoming state of mind, truly grateful for the boon granted to them. Two have been pardoned unconditionally, and restored to their friends, their health being unequal to the active labour required in the colonies. The short sentences of two others having expired, they were also discharged. Sixteen have been transported as incorrigible, as provided by the regulations of the prison; and three have been removed by authority of the home-office, as unfit for colonial life: they were deficient in moral and mental power, and diseased in body. Only two deaths have occurred from the commencement of the establishment, and they took place last year.

Captain Woolcombe, the governor, gives a statement of the expenses of this excellent penitentiary, from which it appears that the cost of the prison diet for each prisoner per week, during the year 1842, has been 2s. 3½d., or L.5, 18s. 6½d. per head per annum. The average cost of clothing and bedding for each prisoner for the past year, including large and small sizes, has been L.1, 0s. 2½d. per head. This sum does not include the extra clothing provided for the 110 boys sent as emigrants and apprentices to the colonies. The total cost of outfit for these 110 prisoners, together with the cost of their embarkation—eighteen of them having been sent from Parkhurst prison to the Simon Taylor emigrant ship at Gravesend, and the remaining ninety-two embarked at Cowes—amounts to L.425, 14s. 5½d., or L.3, 17s. 4½d. per head.

We rejoice to find this benevolent experiment progressing as favourably as the friends to the reformation of juvenile offenders could wish. The best thanks of the public are due not only to those who planned the establishment, but to those at present engaged in its management.

FACTS ON SUICIDE.

THE 29th number of the British and Foreign Medical Review extracts some facts respecting suicide from the Third Annual Report of the Registrar-General. Suicide is most prevalent in London, the proportion there, for a year, being 10·9 to 100,000 inhabitants. "Next to this discreditable pre-eminence stand the south-eastern counties, bordering on the metropolis, where it is 8·4 to 100,000; the range in other parts of England is from 6·8 to 7·4, which is the proportion in the western counties; whilst in Wales it is but 2·2. The proportion throughout England and Wales is 6·3; and the total number in the year was 2001. The greatest number of suicides occurred in the spring and summer, when crimes attended by violence, and also attacks of insanity, are also most common. Thus, in April, May, and June, there were 563; in July, August, and September, 539; in January, February, and March, 484; and in October, November, and December, 465." [November thus appears by no means the peculiarly suicidal month which proverbial observation would make it.] "The suicides in males were considerably more than double those in females; for of the 2001 examples of this crime, 1367 occurred in the former, and 614 in the latter sex, the proportions being as 23 to 10. The tendency to suicide," adds the reviewer, "is least among persons carrying on occupations out of doors, and greatest among artisans who are weakly from birth, are confined in-doors, have their rest disturbed, or have little muscular exertion. The statistical illustration of this point shows that 1 in 9382 masons, carpenters, and butchers, committed suicide in the year; and 1 in 1669 tailors, shoemakers, and bakers; the tendency to suicide in the first class being as 1 to 5·6 in the second. A similar result is obtained by comparing the suicides in the class of labourers with those among artisans and tradespeople; for the tendency to suicide is more than twice as great among artisans as it is among labourers; in the former class, the proportion being 6·0 to 10,000; in the latter, but 2·9 to the same number. In the miscellaneous class, designated by Mr Rickman 'capitalists, bankers, professional, and other educated persons,' the proportion is 4·9 to 10,000.

Mr Farr does not grant much force to the opinion of certain theoretical writers, that suicide is most common where education is most diffused. He admits that in England suicide is most frequent in the metropolis, the south-eastern counties, and the northern counties, where the greatest number can write; and is the least frequent in Wales, where the proportion of persons signing the marriage register with a mark (the Registrar-General's test of deficient education) is the greatest. But he remarks very particularly regarding these facts:—

'There is a general, but no constant relation, between the state of education thus tested and the commission of suicide. It may be admitted that there is some relation between the development of the intellect and self-destruction; but the connexion must be in a great measure indirect and accidental. In opposition to the arguments derived from agricultural districts and labourers in towns, there is the fact, that suicide is more frequent among several classes of artisans than it is among better educated people. If the progress of civilisation is to be charged with the increase of suicide, we must therefore understand by it the increase of tailors, shoemakers, the small trades, the mechanical occupations, and the incidental evils to which they are exposed, rather than the advancement of truth, science literature, and the fine arts.'*

Apparently to show the distinction between the influence of education, abstractly considered, and circumstances with which a certain amount of education is occasionally associated, Mr Farr mentions the facts, that about 2·0 to 10,000 persons assured in the Equitable Society, and 7·6 in 10,000 dragoons and dragoon-guards, have been ascertained to commit suicide every year.

We can see no reason for supposing that education gives a tendency to suicide; but those districts in which education, indicated by the proportion of the population who can write, is most diffused, contain the most numerous class of artisans occupied within doors. Now, there is in such persons, as compared with a sailor or agricultural labourer, a low state of health, and a morbid sensibility, which may give a proneness to self-destruction. As a general rule, these trades are least exposed to accidents; and Mr Farr remarks, that the mind, left unexcited by natural dangers, imagines and creates causes of death. We would say rather, that the individual rendered morbid, moody, and sensitive by seclusion from free air, variations of temperature, muscular exertion, and light, sees in the circumstances around him, viewed through the diseased condition of mind which these very circumstances have engendered, a reason why life is no longer desirable, and, consequently, an incentive to the act of suicide.

Regarding this crime, Mr Farr suggests—'That some plan for discontinuing, by common consent, the detailed dramatic tales of murder, suicide, and bloodshed in the newspapers, is well worthy the attention of their editors. No fact is better established in science than that suicide, and murder may perhaps be added, is often committed from imitation. A single paragraph may suggest suicide to twenty persons; some particular chance, but apt expression, seizes the imagination, and the disposition to repeat the act in a moment of morbid excitement proves irresistible. Do the advantages of publicity counterbalance the evils attendant on one such death? Why should cases of suicide be recorded in the public papers any more than cases of fever?'" The reviewer does not agree in this view, thinking that the certainty of publicity may act more powerfully as a preventive; but we do not concur in his opinion. He quotes, with approbation, the following passage from Mr Farr's letter:—"It may be remarked, that the artisans most prone to suicide are subject to peculiar visceral congestions; that suicide is most common in unhealthy towns; and that the influence of medicine on the mind, and on the unstable or ungovernable impulses which are often the harbingers of suicide, is incontestable. To place the shoemaker, tailor, baker, or printer, in the same favourable circumstances with respect to air and exercise as carpenters and masons, would be impossible. But the workshops of all artisans admit of immense improvements in ventilation. Cleanliness is greatly neglected. Neither the men nor all the masters appear to be aware that the respiration of pure air is indispensable; that the body requires as much care as the tools, instruments, and machines, and that without it, neither the body nor the mind can be kept in health and vigour. The new parks and public walks will afford the artisan an opportunity of refreshing his exhausted limbs and respiring the fresh air; and the health and temper of the sedentary workman may be much ameliorated by affording facilities in towns for athletic exercises and simple games out of doors, which, while they bring the muscles into play, unbend, excite, and exhilarate the mind. Moral causes, and the regulation of the mind, have perhaps more influence on the educated classes; but all must derive benefit from out-door exercise."

* Letter to the Registrar-General, pp. 99-1.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.

[From *Clifton's Letters from the Pyrenees.*]

A BRIGHT gleam of sunshine chased away the mists, and showed us far distant on the right a green mountain, and a portion of sky more brilliantly blue than the fairest sapphire. "Allons—en avant," we both exclaimed, and on we went with renewed spirits. The mountain we had seen was at a very considerable distance, but we calculated upon finding some shepherd's hut under which we might pass the night, should we fail in reaching Bujarelo. There was a kind of gap in the mass of rocks below in the same direction, to which my companion thought we had better descend. I differed upon this point, and gave it as my opinion that the proper route lay in front, over the ridges of snow. I yielded, however, and we forthwith began a descent more difficult than anything we had yet encountered; for although the gap was not more than two hundred feet distant from us, the passage to it occupied no less than half an hour; after which we again descended, and reached a hollow scored by the tracks of sheep, and running down towards the desired green mountain, which to our snow-blinded eyes appeared an Eden. We therefore went on in the full confidence that all our perils were over. Judge, then, of our disappointment when we observed the slope becoming steeper and steeper, and finding it, after an hour's walking from the dangerous descent above, to end in a system of hideous precipices. What was now to be done? We gazed silently at each other, and then cast our eyes below at the torrent, which dashed more wildly along as its bed grew steeper, until it fell through a rocky cleft, breaking into a series of cascades, and was finally lost in the abyss. It was evident that we were fairly in for a night among the crags and precipices, unless we could make our way below; wolves, too, were in the mountains, the cold was intense, and our clothes were of the very lightest material. These were very potent reasons for deciding that the descent, however perilous, must be attempted, and we accordingly looked about for the way by which it might possibly be accomplished. There was a cleft in the ridge to the left, towards which we observed a sheep-track, and we made straightway for it; nothing, however, was gained by this—the same hideous slopes ran down towards the valley, which now became visible far below, and we heard the busy murmur of its torrent, which looked a silver thread in the distance. We passed along the side of this dreadful ridge, regarding with longing eyes the soft green mountain opposite, from which arose the tinkling of cattle bells, although the animals themselves were not distinguishable; but the night was coming on rapidly, so it behoved us to be prompt and decisive; we therefore determined at once to lower ourselves down the slope until it might terminate in a precipice, when we trusted some way would present itself of attaining the valley. Down this we went with our hands and feet, my companion first,

and I close upon his head, steadying ourselves by tufts of wiry grass, and perching upon small projections in the rock—dizzy work, I can assure you, requiring no little nerve and caution; the different points of rest had to be felt, and their firmness ascertained, before we ventured to trust our weight upon them—a slip would have been inevitable destruction. The thought occurred to me, and I afterwards learnt that I had shared it in common with my companion, that if one had gone, how dreadful would have been the situation of the other; for no human aid could have been obtained for many mountain miles. Lower and lower we went, and more difficult at every step became the descent; the ledges grew smaller, the mountain side more smooth and perpendicular, the tufts of grass more rare. At length we reached so frightful a pitch of the precipice, that I shouted out to my companion to return, for it was madness to attempt any further progress. He, however, went two or three steps lower, and then called out to me for assistance, exclaiming that he could neither go downwards nor get back, nor could he hold on many minutes! Here was an awful moment!—it was utterly impossible for me to render him the slightest aid, and his destruction appeared inevitable; a precipice of several hundred feet was below, and then a mass of sloping granite rocks, highly inclined, ran down to the torrent, upon which, unless he could recover his step, he must be hurled in a few short moments. Providence, however, ordained it otherwise; he regained the presence of mind he had for the moment lost, and by a desperate effort got back to a place of comparative safety. We now determined to ascend, although that was no easy matter, and to find, if possible, some rocks that might afford us shelter for the night. It was, however, most provoking to give up our enterprise after having achieved so much, and we had not scrambled upwards more than a few yards, when I espied a place that seemed to promise a more practicable descent, so we determined once more to attempt it. O——, as before, went first, and I followed close behind. There was only one part that seemed utterly impassable; but this my companion achieved by turning round in a very adroit manner, changing hands, and giving himself an indescribable twist—most perilous, it must be confessed. Upon my reaching it, I felt I could not succeed, whilst it was equally impossible for my companion to return; I therefore determined at all events to attempt it, and after resting a few moments to collect all my energies, I succeeded in the manœuvre, and we were in a few moments some way below. We had now passed the worst, and were soon by the side of a stream which had been in our neighbourhood all the way, tumbling down the rock in a continuous fall; into its black and slippery bed we slided, regardless of the water that fell upon us, and were shortly on the *debris*, congratulating each other upon our escape.

INTERESTING TRAIT OF CHINESE CHARACTER.

A correspondent of the Times newspaper relates the following pleasing anecdotes of one of the commissioners appointed by the Emperor of China to negotiate with the British at Canton. The communication sets the Chinese character in a more favourable light than, from our limited knowledge of the country, Europeans have been in the habit of viewing it:—The late mail from India having brought to this country intelligence of the death of the Chinese Imperial Commissioner Elepoo, I feel assured that, as an act of justice to his memory, honourable alike to our nation as to his, you will readily give publicity, through the medium of your widely-read columns, to the following instance of noble conduct on the part of that personage towards certain of our own countrymen. It will be remembered, that, after our first capture of the island of Chusan, several victims to the system of kidnapping then resorted to by the Chinese, amongst whom was Captain Anstruther, of the Madras Artillery, as well as the officers and crew of the armed brig Kite, wrecked on the coast, fell into the custody of Elepoo, then the governor of the city of Ningpo. Whether the cruelties of the earlier portion of their imprisonment resulted from exaggerated fears of the strength and daring of the foreigners, or were in obedience to direct orders from superior authority, it would seem, from the behaviour of the governor himself towards them, that they originated not with him; and with the view of removing fears of their future fate, he pledged his word to the whole party, through the officers, that while in his hands their lives should be held safe. On news of the successes by us in the Canton river in the commencement of the year 1841 reaching Pekin, the emperor became so exasperated, as to send to the governor of Ningpo a peremptory order for the execution of all his prisoners. But Elepoo remembered, and nobly redeemed his pledge, and, with the full knowledge of the penalty his disobedience was incurring, instead of murdering, he summarily released the whole of his captives, placing himself thereby in their stead. He was at once made over to the board of punishment, was deprived alike of all public honours and private estate, and himself and his whole family sentenced to ignominious execution; a consummation only stopped by the treaty with Commissioner Keshen, which the above successes gave rise to. In the subsequent troubles, the high character and estimation of Elepoo again procured for him high and responsible employment, but without removing from him many of the consequences of his disgrace. Though a firm and steady advocate of the superior advantages of peace, he zealously performed his share in the duties of the war; but when success upon success on our part gradually forced upon the emperor himself similar convictions, and peace for the empire became necessary, he found himself selected one of the Imperial Commissioners for the arduous, though welcome duty, of opening those negotiations which so happily terminated; and when these had so far advanced as that complimentary visits were exchanged between the respective authorities, an urgent request was sent by Elepoo to his quondam prisoner, Captain Anstruther, that he might have the pleasure of seeing him; and at the interview which consequently took place, before hundreds of officers, he clearly evidenced to all how cordially he felt the pleasure of a meeting under circumstances so far happier to both than those of their former ones at Ningpo. On this occasion, the late commissioner appeared as an aged man, infirm in body, being then under medical treatment; and on the signature of the treaty, a few days subsequently, he was so ill, as to be obliged to be taken from his own boat into the cabin of the Cornwallis in a chair, carried by a party of the admiral's bargemen, to whom he afterwards sent, for this service, a present of 300 dollars. His death, therefore, under the worry of settling at Canton the items of the future tariff, may be more justly lamented than wondered at; but now that a style of national intercommunication is about to be carried on through parties and upon principles on both sides differing widely, indeed, from those which have hitherto ruled on the Canton stage (unless, again, our national opium sin interfere to blight all), it will be found that, in their late commissioner, the Chinese are very far from having lost from among their chief men the only one capable, like him, of exhibiting and appreciating the nobility of a highly enlightened, moral, and upright character.

CHEAP FOOD.

[From the *Gardener's Chronicle*.]

Among the questions that naturally arise in the minds of the friends of the poor is, whether articles now rejected or neglected as food may not be sufficiently nutritious and palatable to be suited for ordinary consumption. We all know how largely prejudice is mixed up with our feelings on the subject of food, and that even the potato was at one time proscribed by the Puritans; a Middlesex peasant would not dream of cooking nettles, and yet in Yorkshire and Lancashire they are, when young, a common, and, as we can testify, a good ingredient of broths; we also find that the French cottager will succeed in preparing good and wholesome food from substances which in this country are not thought of. Now, although we do not anticipate an English cottager's taking to frogs, and snails, and "such small deer," for the supply of his table, yet we see no reason why he should not imitate the people of the continent in the consumption of certain kinds of vegetable food unemployed among us.

Of these it is the kidney bean which promises best. We use it only in the young and tender state. The French employ the ripe seed, and when properly dressed, an excellent and agreeable food it proves to be. If, instead of cutting the young pods, and thus wasting the produce of such plants, they were allowed to ripen their beans, a saving of some importance would be effected in the economy of a cottager. We are led to these remarks by a letter from our correspondent, Mr Billington, who mentions the following case:—

"A very poor family in Shropshire being hardly pressed for food, the husband being unable to get employment, the wife bethought herself of some kidney beans she had by her, and put some in an earthen vessel, containing a sufficient quantity of water, a few lumps of bacon, with a little seasoning of pepper and salt, and placed them in an oven to stew, two or three hours, till they became as tender as the best boiling peas."

The peasants were agreeably surprised to find that the beans, which they had fancied unfit even for the food of pigs, would thus furnish them with a nice mess; for they did not know that such seeds are served up at the tables of the wealthy in this country under the name of haricots, and are generally a favourite vegetable with continental nations. Hitherto, it has been the universal custom in this country to throw away the dried beans of the scarlet runner, if not wanted for seed. We trust it will henceforth be remembered that excellent food may be had from one of those plants that now is made to scramble over the hedges and walls of a cottage garden, chiefly for the sake of ornament.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that although the beans of the scarlet runner are good, the roots, which are fleshy and perennial, and look tempting enough to be eaten, are really poisonous, as was unfortunately proved last winter at Chelsea.

While we are upon this subject, we may as well add, that, according to Mr Daniel, the preparer of the manure of that name, horses, cows, sheep, and pigs, may be advantageously kept in part upon pulverised wood. In a pamphlet published a few months since, there is the following passage:—

"About three years since, I had occasion to send my cart-horses frequently through a piece of coppice wood, and whenever it happened that they stopped within reach of the rods, they would greedily devour every bough they could come at. This I noticed many times. At last I was led to examine the rods on which I had seen them feeding, and found them completely stripped of their branches, some of which were of a very considerable thickness. This first led me to suppose that there must be some good qualities in the wood, and this consideration induced me to get some pulverised, and given to my cart-horses, which experiment was repeated at several different times, until I was fully satisfied that it had no injurious effect on them. After this, I was led to give it to my gig-horses with their corn, and having ascertained that it did them no injury, I had machinery prepared for reducing the wood for the purpose of food, and began to feed both cart and gig-horses, as also my cows and pigs, mixing a portion with all the food which was given them. This practice I have continued for the last ten months. Previously to feeding my horses in this way, they had each three-quarters of a peck of oats and beans given them per day, for which is now substituted three pints of barley per day. They are in equally fine condition as when fed in the usual way, and more playful and free in their work. Soon after the wood was mixed with the fodder given to the cows, their milk as well as their condition was much improved. For several weeks past, I have been feeding sheep with the pulverised wood, together with crushed Swedish turnips, and they also appear to improve by it. I have likewise fatted four pigs successively, mixing this food with barley-meal, and the results have proved most satisfactory."

This statement, however strange it may sound, is not so startling when we remember that the woody matter of trees is, in its chemical nature, nearly allied to starch, and that it always contains some nitrogen; so that, in reality, it furnishes the ordinary materials of food in another form. We presume, however, that white-wooded, not resinous trees, are those which furnish Mr Daniel's cattle with the ligneous pulp they thrive so well upon.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A BEAR AND A WALRUS.

The bears, when hungry, seem always on the watch for animals sleeping upon the ice, and endeavour, by stratagem, to approach them unobserved, for on the smallest disturbance, the animals dart through holes in the ice, which they always take care to be near, and thus evade pursuit. One sunshiny day, a walrus of nine or ten feet in length rose in a pool of water not very far from us, and after looking around, drew his greasy carcass upon the ice, where he rolled about for a time, and at length laid himself down to sleep. A bear, which had probably been observing his movements, crawled carefully upon the ice on the opposite side of the pool, and began to roll about also, but apparently more with design than amusement, as he progressively lessened the distance that intervened between him and his prey. The walrus, suspicious of his advances, drew himself up, preparatory to a precipitate retreat into the water, in case of a nearer acquaintance with his playful but treacherous visitor; on which the bear was instantly motionless, as if in the act of sleep; but after a time began to lick his paws, and clean himself, and occasionally to encroach a little more upon his intended prey. But even this artifice did not succeed; the wary walrus was far too cunning to allow himself to be entrapped, and suddenly plunged into the pool; which the bear no sooner observed than he threw off all disguise, rushed toward the spot, and followed him in an instant into the water, where I fear he was disappointed of his meal.—*Beechey's Voyage to the North Pole.*

HUMANITY OF THE PEOPLE OF VIENNA.

Mr Kohl, in his "Hundred Days in Austria," relates that he witnessed a scene in one of the streets of Vienna which was alike honourable for the human and the feathered animals who figured in it. A couple of young sparrows, making their first essay in flying with their parents over the roofs of the capital, had fallen exhausted into the street, where they were picked up and carried off by a boy, in whose hand they fluttered and chirped most pitifully. The parent birds followed, uttering most sorrowful cries, fluttering against the walls, perching on signs of the shops, and venturing even into the turmoil of the street. I begged the lad to let the young ones go, and as the cries of the old birds had already excited his compassion, he did so; but the creatures flying awkwardly against the walls, fell a second time into the street, and were again picked up. "Give them to me for my children; give them to me," cried some women; but the remonstrances of the feathered parents were so pitiful, that in the end the whole assembled crowd (all of the lowest class) raised a general shout of "No, no; let them go; give them their liberty." There were some Jews among the populace, who cried out louder than any. Several times the birds were flung up into the air, and as often fell down again, amid the general lamentation of all present. At last a ladder was procured, all lent a hand to raise it against a small house, and hold it fast while some one mounted it and placed the little animals in safety on the roof. The parents flew to them immediately, and the whole family took wing, amid the general acclamations of the multitude; even a couple of "glacéfränzel" (*petits maîtres*) stood still at a little distance and eyed the scene smilingly through their glasses.

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

I do sometimes feel the sinking of the heart, or failure of the hand, to which you allude. It is, I believe, the penance annexed to the cultivation of those arts which depend on imagination, and which make both painter and poet pay for their ecstatic visions by the sad reality of a disordered pulse and stricken nerves. Sometimes this fiend, if resisted, will fly from you; at others, it is best to avoid the struggle, and resort to exercise and light reading. In general, I contrive to get rid of it though the fits must be longer and the gloom deeper as life loses its sources of enjoyment, and age claws us in its clutch. So, according to the old wives' proverb "We must just e'en do as we dow."—*Sir Walter Scott to Sir David Wilkie.*

ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

There are some men with whom, on the instant, we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam-packet, or a hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret; and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendship can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.—*T. H. Bayly.*

"GO THE WHOLE HOG."

The expression, I am told, is of Virginian origin. In that state, when a butcher kills a pig, it is usual to demand of each customer whether he will "Go the whole hog?" as, by such extensive traffic, a purchaser may supply his table at a lower price than is demanded of him whose imagination revels among prime pieces, to the exclusion of baser matter.—*Hamilton's Men and Manners in America.*

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